Heads and Hearts

By Belle Manlates

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

It seemed to Vere as she stood at the little mullioned window of the farm house, that all the snow clouds of a century had gathered to send long, stinging slants of frozen sleet to the already white ground. She turned in relief to the big, pleasant room with its crackling open fire and resolved not to look out of the window again.

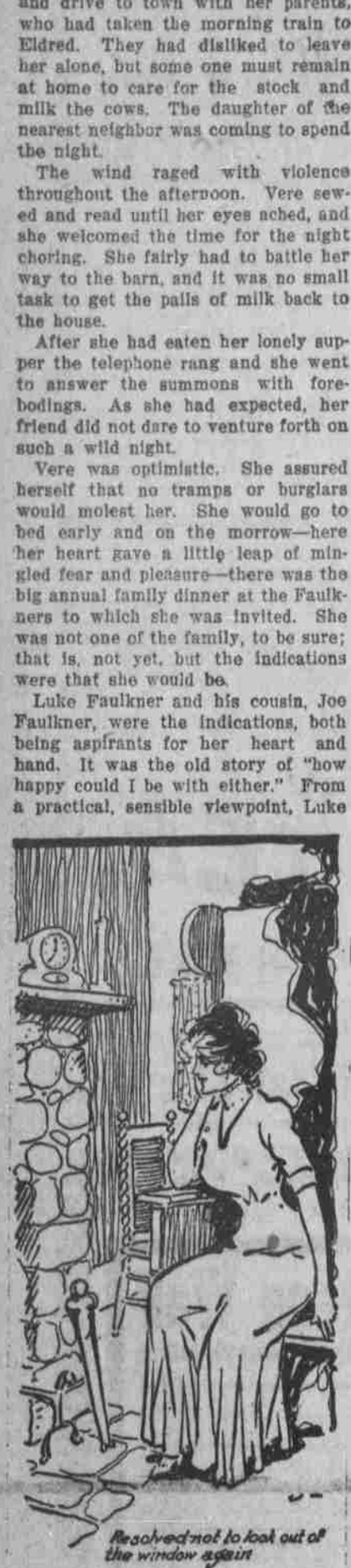
But there was little else to do. She had arisen that morning long before daybreak in order to get breakfast and drive to town with her parents, who had taken the morning train to Eldred. They had disliked to leave her alone, but some one must remain at home to care for the stock and milk the cows. The daughter of the nearest neighbor was coming to spend the night.

The wind raged with violence throughout the afternoon. Vere sewed and read until her eyes ached, and she welcomed the time for the night chores. She fairly had to battle her way to the barn, and it was no small task to get the pails of milk back to the house.

After she had eaten her lonely supper the telephone rang and she went to answer the summons with forebodings. As she had expected, her friend did not dare to venture forth on such a wild night.

Vere was optimistic. She assured herself that no tramps or burglars would molest her. She would go to bed early and on the morrow—here her heart gave a little leap of mingled fear and pleasure—there was the big annual family dinner at the Faulkners to which she was invited. She was not one of the family, to be sure; that is, not yet, but the indications were that she would be.

Luke Faulkner and his cousin, Joe Faulkner, were the indications, both being aspirants for her heart and hand. It was the old story of "how happy could I be with either." From a practical, sensible viewpoint, Luke



Resolved not to look out of the window again

was more eligible. He owned and tilled his well cultivated fields, was industrious, ambitious and progressive, Vere's level, little head thoroughly approved of Luke.

Joe, on the contrary, was of the happy-go-lucky nature that answered to the call of fishing pool or hunter's horn when there was urgent farm work to be done; but he had soft, brown eyes and a warm-hearted, irresistible smile that moved Vere in spite of her resolution. Heads had been winning for a week back, and the annual dinner given this year at the home of Luke's mother would determine the question. She had promised Luke his answer on that day, and she had almost decided it should be in the affirmative. She hoped Joe would not make it hard for her to stick to her purpose.

The storm raged throughout the night, and the next morning she looked out on miniature snow mountains. She became apprehensive as to her means of exit, for their farm was in a valley surrounded by hills. She called up the neighbors by telephone and learned that her road was already impassable from drifts. She telephoned her predicament to Luke's mother, who was most profuse in expressions of regret.

Her inventory of her larder revealed the fact that there was nothing cooked or baked in store, for her mother expected to be home on the morrow.

"I shall have to eat a simple ham and egg dinner," she told herself.

About 11 o'clock there came a vigorous stamping of feet at the back door, which she hastened joyfully to open. The welcome visitor was Luke's hired man.

"I was jest two hours a gittin' down here. Had to come afoot. Can't get a team through. Luke sent you a basket of dinner and this 'ere note."

After he had departed, Vere read the note.

"My dear Vere," it ran. "It has spoiled our dinner that you can't be with us. I am sending you a few things for your dinner, as I hear your folks are away. Sorry I can't get over, but this is our busy day. Shall come for my answer as soon as this storm lets up."

In the basket was a chicken dressed and ready to bake, a mince pie, sugared doughnuts, a layer cake and stewed cranberries.

"It was thoughtful of him," she said with a little throbbing in her veins. "I wish he had come himself. I suppose he couldn't miss his dinner party, though. Wonder if Joe will get there. He must be snowed in worse than any one."

With a sigh she went to work to prepare her solitary meal.

"I will get the best meal—a company dinner and set the table—for Luke, too, a place opposite mine, and maybe he will be here in spirit."

She put the chicken in the oven to warm, made hot biscuits, cooked a golden squash and proceeded to set the table with the best linen and dishes. When dinner was ready she heard another loud stamping. This time on the front steps.

"Luke has reconsidered and come!" she thought as she flew to the door.

There, panting, smiling, rosy-cheeked and snow-covered, stood Joe. With a glad little cry of welcome she ushered him in.

"It was hotter work than last year's harvesting," he laughed.

"How did you happen to come, Joe? And aren't you going to your aunt's dinner?"

"I hear you were snowed in and alone. I wasn't going to let you eat alone. I took a shovel and tunneled my way through."

"I looked in the cupboard a while ago and found there was nothing. So I planned a ham and egg dinner. Think of the dinner your aunt will have!"

"I don't care if you have only bread and water if you will share it with me, Vere."

"I was only joking, Joe. Luke sent me down a chicken dinner this morning. It is all ready to sit down to."

Joe looked disconsolate.

"What a chump I am! Mother has stacks of things and I might have brought you a dinner as well as not. Luke always outdoes me."

"He didn't this time, Joe," said the girl softly. "It was a thousand times nicer of you to come than it was to send me a dinner. When I got his basket, Joe, I doubted you and thought you were not thinking of my plight. When I set the table, I put a place opposite mine and pretended it was for Luke. But now——"

"But now, Vere," may I occupy that place?"

"Yes, Joe."

"And Vere," he continued, summoning all his fortitude, "may I always have that place—with you?"

Hearts won. He read her answer in her eyes.

WHEN THE CANAL IS OPEN

Will Change Course of Freight Traffic Between Europe and Valparaiso, Austria and New Zealand.

The Hansa, the organ of the Hamburg ship owners, after consideration of the probable effect of the opening of the Panama canal upon steamship routes, states that after the month of June, 1913, should the canal be opened to navigation at that time, steamers proceeding from Europe to San Francisco will no longer go via Cape Horn, a route of 13,621 sea miles, but will save 6,200 sea miles via the canal route. Steamers proceeding from Montreal to Sydney now cover 13,696 sea miles, but in the future will be able to do so over a route of 10,952 sea miles.

It is difficult to predict the effect of the canal upon freight traffic between Europe and Valparaiso, the Cape Horn route being only 2,100 miles longer than the canal route. Passenger ships probably will pass through the canal, serving the east coast of South America by means of auxiliary ships sailing from West Indian ports.

Trade between Europe and Japan will not be influenced by the canal, as the Panama route will be 1,000 miles longer than the one now followed. From New York to Shanghai, on the other hand, the difference in favor of the canal will be 1,400 sea miles. The present route from Europe to Australia is 800 miles longer than the route via the canal, which is scarcely enough to threaten any great change. It is assumed that a part of the business from New Zealand to Europe, which today comes via Cape Horn, will pass through the canal hereafter, saving 1,600 sea miles. The canal route will be selected also by passengers who wish to avoid the rough and stormy rounding of Cape Horn. The chief part of the steadily increasing business between New York and Australia and New Zealand should therefore proceed via the canal rather than by the Cape of Good Hope, saving 2,300 miles.

Too Small for a Dog.

The craze for small dogs has caused some amusing frauds in Paris. Walking down the fashionable side of the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne the other morning was a man who had several toy dogs for sale. One of the smallest was a particularly diminutive griffon. A woman asked its price. The man made the little dog perform several tricks and then fished out a little creature scarcely more than half the size of the first.

The woman concluded what she thought a bargain. She put the little one in her muff and, on getting home again, pulled him out. For a minute the animal showed fear, but then, to her great amazement, started toward the window and ran up one of the curtains. After its capture by the servants it was found to be a large rat rolled up in dog skin.

His Own Harvest

A PRACTICAL LESSON *from* THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HE WAS too old a man for the place, some said; even those who loved him for his long years of faithful service could not help noticing that when he mounted the pulpit stairs his step was a little unsteady and that toward the end of the sermon his voice broke now and then.

One Sunday he read the hymn over again after he had given out the notices, and Elder Fenwick frowned at the flutter of fans and the slight titter in the choir loft.

Elder Fenwick, who had given a hundred dollars toward the new pipe organ, thought that it did not have a fair chance. The young people, he said, were "drifting off," especially in the evenings; many of the older ones had "lost interest;" the attendance was not what it should be, and, all things considered, the church needed a change of pastors.

Not a few agreed with Elder Fenwick, but no one liked to speak to the minister. He had been long among them, this old man with the gray hair and the faltering step. He had baptized children who were now fathers and mothers; he had blessed many of the men and women of the parish at the marriage altar; he had prayed by the sick beds of some who sat weekly in the high-backed pews, and of many more who rested in peace under the green turf of the churchyard near by.

Reward in the End.

It was a delicate matter to speak about, but it was "managed"—no matter how. As the old minister stood up for his last service in the church where the best years of his manhood had been spent, his voice quavered more than ever. By his request, it had been made a communion Sunday. At such a service, it seemed to him, he could have the tenderest parting with the people whom he loved so well.

A strange thing happened that day. There was a moment's pause after the sermon and the prayer, for the minister's eyes were too misty to find at once the number in the hymn book. In the pause a young man in one of the center pews rose to his feet.

"I hope you will let—let me speak a word," he said, abashed, for the eyes of the whole congregation were upon him, and he was hardly more than a boy.

"I've been thinking since I sat here that—that, when the new minister comes and holds his first communion, a good many will join the church. It is always so. I had intended to be one of them, but—but it doesn't seem fair, when Mr. Borden's influence and preaching and the kind of life he's lived that's brought me to decide that way. If it could be arranged so that I could—as late as it is now—I'd like to join today."

Tribute to Loved Pastor.

The young man's voice died out into a dead silence. Then the minister called his session together in tones that were subdued and tremulous. There was a stir here and there, as one after another rose and followed the elders to the room above.

Fourteen young people had in their hearts decided upon the step which must mean so much to them in the future; and stirred by the generous thought of the youth who had spoken first they, too, chose to give the sheaves into the faithful hand that had scattered the seed.

The gray head of the pastor was bowed reverently, while he read the names, as if to receive this baptism of a great joy.

Other hearts grew tender under the influences of the day. When the service was over a hundred hands grasped the hand of the old pastor, not with the regret that marks a final parting, but with the gladness that belongs to a new welcome.—Youth's Companion.

Prevailing Prayer.

The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels.

So is a man's prayer. If it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every obstacle it meets, and cannot arrive at Heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Right Step.

I agree with all socialistic movements that have for their object the betterment of man, but they generally make the great mistake of not taking the right step first.—Rev. J. W. Chapman, Evangelist, Buffalo.

From Progressive Farmer.

Give your chicks, the first two to four days, what they will eat clean, every two to three hours, of a mash made of equal parts of stale bread, rolled or pin-head oats, and hard boiled eggs chopped fine, shells and all; moisten with a little sweet milk, or water if no milk, mixed crumbly, not wet. From third day begin the dry chick feed and gradually leave mash off.

A greater menace to the public health in the south than the careless conditions obtaining on so many farms is the reckless disregard of sanitation shown by the average town or village. Here a few score or a few hundred people have come together, and being usually as careless as they were in their isolated life in the country, they foster disease dangers by wholesome negligence unchecked by health laws or health officials. Not only are typhoid fever and hookworm diseases and other maladies spread among the villagers themselves by such a neglect of sanitation, but the country people in the vicinities often suffer also. The small rural village without waterworks or health officials is the chief hot-house of disease-breeding in the south.

A very thoughtful man who spoke from first-hand knowledge of southern farm conditions, remarked to us the other day that along with agitation of fireless cookers in the south there should be equal agitation for the introduction of washing machines. Thousands of farm women still do their own washing with the old back-breaking methods of tub and washboard. Any farmer who uses any sort of labor-saving implements in his own work ought to be ashamed to have his wife and daughters do the family washing in this primitive way. And yet washing machine manufacturers often complain that advertising in farm papers does not pay. If this is true, it is a serious reflection on the men on our farms. A good washing machine, a good sewing machine, a good range, and a fireless cooker should be regarded as a part of the necessary equipment of every southern farm.

Puts End to Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "the plues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys. 25 cents at Patrick Drug Co.

Booklovers' Contest

Inaugurated by the Tennessean and American.

The great Booklovers' Contest which was just opened by the Nashville Tennessean and American has proven immensely popular.

$5,200 are offered in prizes. The first prize is $1,000 in cash; second, $500; third, fourth, fifth and sixth, pianos, and on down a list of 300 valuable articles.

Any one can enter The Tennessean and American contest any time. A knowledge of books is not necessary. In reality the contestants are simply paid for having fun. Read The Nashville Tennessean and American for particulars or write

Tennessean and American
The Booklovers' Contest Editor
Nashville, Tenn.